LITERARY CRITICISM AND BOOK NEWS

Holland at the Close of Its Era of Greatness—Manners Maketh the Father of the Man—Devon, Mother of Famous Englishmen.

A PAGE OF HISTORY.

THE FALL OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. With illustrations. 8vo, pp. xii, 433. The Houghton Mifflin Company.

Properly speaking, the Dutch republic did not fall; it simply "petered out." The protracted struggle for the preservation of the balance of power in Europe waged against France by William III left the United Provinces utterly exhausted. Only the shell of their former power remained. It deceived for a while longer the nations with which the Union had warred and made peace and concluded alliances on terms of equality, but its repeated failures, through impotence, to keep its contracts when called upon for men and ships soon robbed it even of the semblance. The country so mighty in the councils of the world during the seventeenth century, so prompt and energetic and successful in war and peace, became in the eighteenth century a nation ready to keep that peace at any price, desirous only of being allowed to enjoy in comfort the wealth gathered by its forebears. The individual Hollander of the period, like his country, had lost all energy. His was a paradise of middle class people living in material comfort on income from capital lent all over Europe:

> As the republic had loaned money to everybody, it meant that she had to stay friends with everybody. War with England or war with France would have meant the immediate suspension of a large part of the dividends from these countries, and would therefore have been most harmful to the general prosperity. What was worse, it meant that, no matter with whom the republic got into a fight, she was going to be fought with her own capital. For this reason war with another nation had to be avoided at all cost.

With so much capital invested abroad at a higher rate of interest, home industries suffered from lack of new capital, the more so as foreign competition began to grow more serious. Indeed, the monopoly of trade which the Netherlands had enjoyed during the preceding century no longer existed. England had started on its career of uninterrupted commercial and colonial expansion; in France, Colbert had laid the foundations for a vast system of industries and trade; Germany was waking up, and Sweden had recovered from the costly follies of Charles XII's glory. Even Spain was showing signs of a reborn economic life. All these nations, once the customers of Dutch merchants and Dutch deep sea carriers, were gradually developing their own resources. Holland's long, great day was over, and the Hollanders acquiesced without a struggle, content to clip coupons, to be the bankers of Europe, and to lose millions won in India in speculations such as the South Sea and Mississippi bubbles. And when entangling alliances threatened, there was the circumlocution system of their government, which could always refer the matter from one authority to another until it ran up against a blank wall somewhere in the backward eastern provinces, when it began the return journey, generally not to reach the Hague and their High Mightinesses again until the war in which participation was demanded had been fought, or the dispute been settled. The ultimate result was a growing exasperation with dilatory Dutch ways on the part of foreign governments.

Not the least valuable part of Mr. van Loon's exceptionally readable book is his review of the history of the Dutch Republic in its Golden Age. It is brief but most informing, an admirable piece of condensation. The author explains at length the chaotic system of government of the Union, the lack of real central power and authority, which made the States General not what they had been intended to be, House of Representatives and Senate in one, with the addition of certain executive powers, but a sort of conference of ministers plenipotentiary from independent miniature republics, who were willing to discuss coumon interests and common action, but were bent, above all else, upon asserting and maintaining their own particular province's full and absolute autonomy. The system had been inherited from the Middle Ages, and worked only as well as it did "through sheer force of habit." Finally, there was another power of uncertainly defined authority, the Stadholder. Nowhere else than in Mr. Van Loon's book can be found so compact, so clear, a statement of the government of the Dutch Republic.

The struggle for increased power of the Stadholders, the stern opposition to it of the ruling upper middle class, were continued through the eighteenth century, which was, indeed, the great opportunity of the Regents, who considered public office "a private snap" and the country their oyster. They were the most comfortable of all comfortable Hollanders in an age of effortless, ambitionless comfort. It all came to an end in the Donnybrook fair of "Patriots" and "Orangemen," which brought the sans-culottes of the French Republic to Holland. And they, in all liberty, equality and fraternity, bled the country white. Napoleon did the rest.

In his economic chapters Mr. van Loon is as readable as he is sound. His social studies have life, and politically he has all the detachment of the true historian. He has also a refreshing sense of humor, pointed occasionally with cynicism. England was entirely in the right when she began her last war on the republic, but, says our author:

> When the mail brought authentic news of the battle off the Isle of Wight, Divine Providence was kept working overtime [in Holland] listening to all the prayers of patriotic citizens who implored a speedy and just revenge upon the heads of such unbelievable scoundrels as the subjects of His Majesty King George III. The pamphleteer worked with a zeal only surpassed by the yellow reporter of the Spanish-American War. The spirits of De Ruyter and Tromp were called forth from the grave to avenge the insult which the Dutch flag had just suffered. . . . Cato Batavus and other pseudo-classical poets (and oh, how bad the poetry of these Batavians was!) called upon a righteous Jehovah to smite the perpetrators of such atrocious perfidy. All of which (at sixpence a copy) was of great benefit to many a needy scribbler, but did not return the nine ships now lying in Portsmouth Harbor.

The part played by the Dutch Republic in our War of Independence loses, in Mr. van Loon's version, much of the glamour imparted to it by American historians. The attitude of the country in the conflict was still another instance of its now habitual policy of attempting to carry water on both shoulders, to follow a non-committal course between France and England, while conducting a most profitable trade in contraband of war with the revolted colonies. Its headquarters was St. Eustatius, in the West Indies, where, as is well known, the Dutch were the first to salute the American flag. As a matter of fact, observes Mr. van Loon drily, the governor of the island was the chief smuggler of them all, and the salute he fired was not a spontaneous, unauthorized act of admiration from a citizen of a free country for the men of another seeking to be free, but a welcome extended by a merchant engaged in illicit business to his best customer.

The story of the fall of the Dutch Republic is a sorry one at best, a negligible page of history in its larger sense. It is, as the author truly observes in his introduction, a page practically unknown to us. Wherefore he deserves thanks for having turned the page into an excellent book, which deftly links the Republic in its decadence to the days of glory that preceded it. Mr. van Loon might perhaps have restrained his sense of humor a little when dealing with certain aspects of our Revolution, and have restricted it for the part his own country played in the event; but that is, perhaps, captious criticism. His illustrations, from old prints, are worth while.

YOUTHFUL SOCIAL LIFE

A Book of Etiquette for Young People of Various Ages.

BOYS, GIRLS AND MANNERS. By Florence Howe Hall. 12mo, pp. 323. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

Some of us occasionally have been forced to smile, though this has not been to our credit, at the predicament of some young person who has written in to "Dear Miss So-and-so," conductor of a department in some newspaper which gives advice concerning social matters, to explain that she is sixteen years old, and that a young gentleman of whom she is very fond has been calling on her regularly for a year and a half, but has never asked her out anywhere; and she inquires what she is to do. This before us should be a very useful little book. We have an idea that if we were a boy or a girl we should like to have it ourselves. We recall sundry perplexities in our own early social life, where a clandestine consultation of this volume would have come in very handily. Our pride somewhat handicapped us in obtaining information we much desired. Perhaps a vigorous boy may find this rather "goody-goody" reading in spots, so much stress is placed upon benevolence as the foundation of good manners; but it is not unentertaining on the whole, and full of "pointers." "The rules (of good manners) are given," the author says, "not as dry and dusty skeletons, but as living organisms, clothed in the tissue of anecdote and illustration." Some of the chapters discuss: "How to Treat a Guest," "How a Guest Should Behave," "Manners at School"—boys' schools, girls' schools, boarding schools, co-educational schools—"Manners at College," "Manners at Women's Colleges," "Invitations and Answers," "Hints for the Young Hostess," "Introductions" and "Class Day and Commencement Festivities." The chapter on "Dress and How to Wear It" has a very pertinent message for the moment: "A lady does not like to be stared at. Therefore, women of good taste seldom adopt any very peculiar style."

A CELEBRATED BIRTHPLACE

England's Fame Cradled in the County of Devon.

THE ROMANCE OF THE MEN OF DEVON. By Francis Gribble. With seventeen illustrations. 12mo, pp. 282. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The "Dictionary of National Biography" is perhaps a little exhaustive for light general reading about England's great. Mr. Gribble's little book may serve as an abridgement, presented in a more popular style, of that authoritative and monumental work. Of course, it is true that some names are omitted here that are of importance. But upon reflection, it will become evident to the reader that it is no more than fair to the rest of England that every single person of any consequence in that nation's history should not have been born in the County of Devon. The sun can never set, as it is, upon the fame of the sons of Devon. And it is evident, too, that a number of great men who were born in some other part of England regretted this afterward, and did what they could to atone for it later by going to Devon and staying long enough to justify Mr. Gribble in putting them into his really attractiv little book. Sir Walter Raleigh, Miles Covendale, the Coleridges, the Froudes, Keats, Eden Phillpotts and Blackmore are but a few of the famous men whose early years at least were spent in that part of England which gave birth also to the present patriotic chronicler.

Statesmen, inventors, explorers, theologians, artists and men of letters have assisted in making the reputation of the County of Devon as a birthplace. Good Queen Bess, sayeth the rhyme, when in a mess used to send for a Devonshire man. In James Northcote's "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds" we read that, "It is worthy of remark that the County of Devon has produced more painters than any other county in England." Mariners and buccaneers, too, were produced there. There Keats wrote "Endymion." And ever so much so on. Our author takes up the towns of Devon one at a time and discusses the notable men associated with them. He collects many verses and songs, some quaint, some pretty and some stirring, composed in and about the land. He gives a number of amusing anecdotes, and touches his biographical material pleasantly with romantic color.

CURRENT FICTION

Fairyland Regained—A Death Dealing Whistler.

POETIC FANTASY.

A PRISONER IN FAIRYLAND. (The Book that "Uncle Paul" Wrote.) By Algernon Blackwood. Illustration on the title page by K. W. Diefenbach. 12mo, pp. ix, 396. The Macmillan Company.

We once knew an old lady who declared that she did not see why anybody should want to go to the country, as there was "nothing there but trees." There are many people like that. We remember, when that piece of whimsical, allegorical fancy, "The Wind in the Willows," was published, a lady's describing it as "a strange book about animals." So, doubtless, there are many who will not be able to "see" this story at all. To them it will be merely a strange book about stars, sprites and bewitched people; its pages sprinkled with nonsensical verses. On the other hand, there is a type that will "rave" over it. To those of this cast of mind it will be "wonderful"; so full of symbolistic "meaning." As a matter of fact, it is, though somewhat long, a very pretty thing. Mr. Blackwood is a writer of indisputable ability, an artistic realist of the visible world as well as (to quote the title more than once applied to him) "an artistic realist of the unseen world." His new book opens with a delightful picture of a City clerk who writes poetry on the sly. And, later on in the book, there is a most admirable account of a pension in a little Alpine town. But the author's main concern is with a deep enchantment of the spirit. The Fairyland the world has lost takes captive a middle-aged man of business. Fantasy then reigns very effectively in this bubbling, crotchety, charmingly written tale of children, starlight, woods and fairies. And, too, the reader does feel here a sense of that kind of mystic truth which is an element of poetry.

MYSTERY GALORE.

THE WHISTLING MAN. By Maximilian Foster. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. v, 314. D. Appleton & Co.

This author's intention, evidently, is (in a popular phrase) to keep his reader guessing. And so he may be said to be a writer reasonably successful in his purpose. The hero is first discovered in considerable confusion concerning himself. He doesn't know who he is and he can't make out his father at all. But for some dark reason they are fugitives, and in France. Mme. Ragnuet-Bouldu, at whose hotel we run across them, is a very mysterious person. Maybe she knows something about them, but she won't tell. Then one night a queer character sticks his head into the bar, and immediately withdraws it again into the storm. A little later some one outside whistles shrilly a little tune. Well, not to harrow the reader overmuch simply in a review, this whistle is the death of the old gentleman. Then young Leonard Craig starts out to get the hang of the riddle. A succession of extraordinary adventures, intrigues, battles, failures and panics strew his path. Every time the deadly whistle is heard some one blenches or falls in a fit, as follows: "Adair lay back in his chair, his face purple and distorted, one corner of his mouth stretched upward in the ugly travesty of a leer." The author evidently believes, too, in the formula for popular fiction presented by one of the most successful in the business. He puts in plenty of wealthy life; tremendously aristocratic clubs, gray racing cars, fashionable country houses and big interests of Wall Street. Contrasted with this is the hero's thirty-five mile walk, on a very hot day, to the woman he loves.

SLIGHTLY SOUTH AFRICAN.

MYLES CALTHORPE, I. D. B. By F. E. Mills Young. 12mo, pp. 319. The John Lane Company.

The initials I. D. B.—"illicit diamond buyer"—sufficiently indicate that this is a story of South Africa, but in the reading it is found to be strangely lacking in atmosphere and local color. The author shuns description entirely, whether in Cape Town and Durban, where the scene is chiefly laid, or in the African country, on the plantation whither the man caught with the stolen diamonds in his possession goes to begin life anew after he has served his three years' imprisonment. This entire lack of detail of background and environment, of manners and daily life causes one to wonder whether the author is himself unfamiliar with them, or whether long familiarity with them has blunted his power of observation. For the rest, this is a "straight" story with a conventional plot—the hero is one more innocent man who bears injustice and ostracism in silence for the sake of others—and with a conventional ending of ultimate rehabilitation and happiness in marriage. The characters are superficially touched in, but one can read to the end with a measure of languid interest.

A REPORTER-DETECTIVE.

LANAGAN. Amateur Detective. By Edward H. Hurlbut. With Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele. 12mo, pp. 287. Sturgis & Walton Co.

Lanagan, "star" police reporter and inspired detective, is a kind of "double-header." The intention of the author of his being is, apparently, to (in an eloquent phrase) catch his reader going and coming. First, Lanagan is that romantic figure, the newspaper reporter of popular story. Mr. Davis's "Derelict" (to use another eloquent phrase) has nothing on him. He lives mainly on cigarettes and drink. When he has been sober for a considerable spell he is liable to lose his grip. But "there was something besides absinthe burning back in those eyes." He never shaves, and is disreputable generally in appearance—"a genuine eccentric." But he brings in "scoops" for his paper all the while. When he does work he is a "human dynamo." And added to this he is a regular forty-second degree, double-riveted, twin-screw, deep-sea Sherlock Holmes, a "bloodhound" on the trail of crime. On the scent his eyes are "living, snapping fire." When his brain is "churning," his "beady eyes gleam as though touched with phosphorescence." His "lean, sinewy hand" is "as firm as steel." The field of Jack Lanagan's thrilling exploits is darkest San Francisco. And, doubtless, there are worse ways of wasting time than to read about him.

TWILIGHT, INDEED.

THE WOMAN OF THE TWILIGHT. The Story of a Story. By Marah Ellis Ryan. Illustrations by Hanson Booth. 12mo, pp. 424. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The characters in this book do so much talking that the author gets in hardly more than a word now and then edgewise. At least that frequently was our impression in reading it. And though these characters very nearly talked our head off, to speak so, we found it difficult to make out what the affair was all about. The reader first discovers two gentlemen, who appear to have something to do with the business of writing, wandering about somewhere in California, talking. Pretty soon a great number of other people turn up, and deepen the twilight of these pages with more talking. Later on some of them take to writing letters. One writes a letter which is six printed pages in length. It was unnecessary for the author to state that Nell remarked this or that "slangily." The people of this book speak of "photos," and exclaim, "For the love of Kelly!" They talk a great deal of cheap literary and art stuff. The "inspiration" of Mr. Lane Sargent, a "genius," was a lady, an artist of genius, unknown to him, who sent him a set of sentimental illustrations she had made for a story of his. A pure and deep love becomes entangled with the conventions of society. Marriage, divorce, and so on, are discussed by the people of the book at interminable length. Where the author becomes descriptive we wish that her characters had gone on talking instead.

MIDSUMMER MAGAZINES

Romain Rolland on the "Democratization of Art"—Mr. Howells's Tale of a "Critical Bookstore"—How Canada Prevents Strikes.

CENTURY MAGAZINE.

The midsummer number of the "Century" is not overweighted with fiction. The most important contribution in this field is the first instalment of a new novel by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, the author of "Molly Make-Believe." The story is called "The White Linen Nurse," and opens well. The short stories are by Elliot Flower and Estelle Loomis, and the verse by Leroy Titus Weeks, Margaret Widdemer, William Rose Benet and Anna Glen Stoddard.

Among the general articles, that on Romain Rolland, by Alvan F. Sanborn, comes first. It pictures the author of "Jean-Christophe," as an idealist, of course (all readers of the novel discovered this for themselves long ago), but it is packed with information concerning the Frenchman's many activities in other directions, most important among them being probably his advocacy of the democratization of the drama and of all art, a new departure plainly perceptible in this country, in the theatre at least, in a growing indifference toward European plays of upper social life. Says Mr. Sanborn:

> Rolland is the leading spirit of a movement for the creation of "a new art for a new world." He aspired to replace the contemporaneous stage by a stage more human and fraternal, that should edify and improve the masses on one hand and emancipate and develop art on the other, and to found "a theatre of, by and for the people," that should "share the bread of the people, their restlessness and anxieties, their battles and their hopes," and that should be for them "a fountain head of joy and of life." In March, 1899, he signed, with others, a somewhat turgid manifesto which ended thus: "Make no mistake. It is no mere literary experiment we are proposing. It is a question of life or death for art and for the people. For, if art is not opened to the people, it is doomed to disappear; and if the people do not discover the pathway of art humanity abdicates its destinies."

Theodore Dreiser's impressions of his first visit to Europe are begun in this issue, with a paper on "The Trip Over," written, one should judge, immediately after his arrival at Fishguard, and published without revision in the light of subsequent observation. Mr. Dreiser draws rather large conclusions from a chance conversation with an American exile, a woman, who, as reported by him, knew really little more of European life than he. The leisure of Europe is not idleness in comfort, nor does it fritter away its time in pleasure-seeking.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The August Fiction Number of "Harper's" counts among its contents short stories by Mr. Howells and Mary Wilkins Freeman. Mr. Howells's "The Critical Bookstore" is a delightful invention, which at the same time has a direct bearing upon present conditions in the publishing and bookselling business, discussed not so long ago in this city at the annual meeting of the American Booksellers' Association. The hero of this new departure decides to open a bookshop where only books worth reading shall be for sale. The experiment fails, of course, after many amusing experiences that are also informing, because they are simply the conditions aforesaid introduced without exaggeration or distortion. A. Maurice Low's inquiry into the cause of a story's greatness fits well in this issue. The vital in imaginative literature, he holds, is not style, not plot, not analysis:

> The answer to the question that has so often perplexed writer and reader who attempt to find the source of the mysterious power that eludes discovery but reveals itself in a great book is to be found in one word—creation. The vital in literature—the literature of imagination—is originality. Not the meretricious originality of trick or dialect or forced contrast; not the sordid parade of vice or the refinement of virtue; not the flaunting of passion or the subjecting of emotion—these do not constitute originality as the test applied to literature. Originality—creation—means something more than a mere catalogue of motives; it means the power to create a reproductive type; to visualize life; to project on the screen of existence a figure that is immediately recognized. Literature, the literature of imagination, when it rises to its supreme height and is really literature, is not merely the reflection of life. It is more than that, something higher, nobler, more elevating. It is the baring of the soul, the swiftly illuminating flash by which man sees what he is or may become; it is prophecy as well as hope. It is this—character creation—that makes literature, that has left its vital impress upon morals and conduct.

Stephen Graham, the author of "Unknown Russia," one of the most sympathetic and revealing interpreters of the soul of a race, accompanies a Russian pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and Harrison Rhodes writes delightfully a life at Carlsbad. There is also an article on the battle of Lake Erie, by Benson J. Lossing, well in advance of its centenary, which falls on September 10.

WORLD'S WORK.

Most timely in the August number of this always eminently practical and useful periodical is the article on the so-called Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, by W. L. Mackenzie King, former Minister of Labor for Canada. The act, Mr. King point out, is not one of compulsory arbitration. After its provisions have been complied with, both labor and capital are left free to strike or lock out, if no agreement has been reached. The only restraint imposed by the law is that of delaying an interruption to public service industries before and pending inquiry:

> The provisions of the act are very simple. Whenever a strike or lockout is threatened in any one of these industries the parties, if unable to adjust their differences amicably, must refer them to a board for settlement before such a strike or lockout can legally take place. If the men are going to strike they must serve a notice on the government that unless a board is appointed a strike will take place. If the management proposes a lockout it must serve a similar notice on the government. The notice will say that all possible means of arriving at a settlement have been exhausted and pray the government to appoint a board of investigation. The notice served on the government must contain a statement of the differences between the parties and a copy of that statement must also go to the other party to the dispute.

The Canadian Minister of Labor calls upon each party to the dispute to appoint one member of the board, these two selecting the third. If they are unable to agree, the minister himself appoints him. If either party fails to name its own representative, he, too, is picked by the minister. The board has all the powers of a court of record, but its function is primarily that of a conciliation board. If an agreement is reached, the fact is simply announced; if no settlement can be found, the report of the dispute is published, for Mr. King holds that public opinion is indirectly the most influential factor. The act has been in force since March, 1907, and during that period 145 arbitration boards have met, with the result that strikes were averted or ended in all but eighteen cases.

Worth reading, also, are B. F. Harris's paper on the relations of the country banker and the farmer, Frank Stockbridge's plea for "Fewer and Better Doctors," which states tersely conditions that should not only be amended, but ended, and James Middleton's "New Light on Cancer," a review of recent cures that promised well but failed to conquer the disease, with a word of hope for the future, spoken on highest authority.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

Fiction forms the major portion of the contents of this magazine the year around, general articles being but sparingly printed. In the present issue W. J. Lampton describes a movement, begun in New York, that deserves the hearty support of all right-thinking men and women. This is the decoration of the potter's fields of our large cities, the most desolate places on earth, unkept, uncared for, the final expression of the world's indifference toward the poor and the unfortunate:

> But a little light is breaking through; a sunbeam is falling across the shadow so long cast, and a change for the better is promised by a woman in New York City, who has taken upon herself the kindly task of remembering the friendless dead. This woman has planted flowers over the potter's field of New York, where 180,000 bodies lie, with no one to care until she came. It is no small work she has undertaken, and it cannot all be accomplished at once, but it is all prompted by goodness of heart and that human sympathy without which the whole world would be a potter's field.

Mr. Lampton calls upon our churches to combine for the purpose of making the last resting place of the disinherited a spot of peace and dignity. An interdenominational fund for the care and beautifying of these graveyards should soon be a reality.

A LITERARY LUNCH.

Paris letter to The London Telegraph.

Yesterday the admirers of Verlaine made their yearly pilgrimage to the Luxembourg, there to lay on the pedestal of his monument a memorial wreath of flowers. This pious duty performed, the cortège adjourned for lunch in an adjacent hotel. It was a distinguished gathering, which counted among its numbers three recently crowned heads—Paul Fort, prince of poets; Hans Ryner, prince of story tellers, and Xavier Pivas, prince of song writers.

All went well till it came to the champagne and the toasts. It was M. Natanson who jangled the harmonies of the morning. As a banker and the founder of the "Revue Blanche" M. Natanson ought to have known that he was there on sufferance—to be seen, perhaps, but certainly not to be heard. But what did the banker do but get up on his hind legs and talk shop, or, rather, bank. In other words, M. Natanson gave at length and with unction his professional views on the uses and abuses of money. The poets especially were furious at his lack of tact. Was this the time, they asked loudly and indignantly, for such a sordid subject to be introduced?

The president, M. Lepelletier, tugged at the orator's coattails, but in vain. The air was thick with insults, and a gentleman named Vanderpighs was heard to state himself "entirely at M. Natanson's disposition." M. Natanson tendered his card. M. Vanderpighs refused it and flung a liquor glass at his adversary's face. In a moment the room was in an uproar. Poets, savage-eyed and long-haired, leaped on chairs, gesticulating wildly. At last the voice of Paul Fort made itself heard. "I propose," he shouted, "that we never meet again to honor the memory of Verlaine, for we have proved ourselves unworthy of him!" And so the banquet ended in sorrow and shame.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

Mr. William de Morgan has just finished a new novel of prodigious length—prodigious, that is to say, in the eyes of his publishers, who know not whether to bring it out in two volumes or to crowd it into one.

Mrs. Wiggin's Novel.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's forthcoming novel bears the title of "The Story of Waitstill Baxter." Waitstill and her half-sister are the two heroines of the book, the scene of which is laid in rural Maine two generations ago.

The "Life" of Labouchere.

The announcement of the forthcoming memoir of Labouchere, written by Mr. Thorold, his nephew, suggests this effective bit of description to a paragrapher in the London "Nation":

> More than any man I ever knew, "Labby" lived on and for talk. He aimed at and indeed attained to complete, or nearly complete, self-revelation; and he loved to pass in cynical review the whole masquerade of political life. No such intelligent, unillusioned observer of politics and politicians lived through the later Victorian years, or looked at them through such Gulliver glasses of humorous, irreverent observation.

Adventures in Africa.

Mr. Stewart Edward White, who lately returned to Africa, has prepared a second book describing his hunting adventures in that wild land. This volume, which is to be called "African Camp Fires," continues the story begun in "The Land of Footprints." It will be published in September by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. F. T. Hill's New Book.

"The Thirteenth Juror" is the title of a new book by Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill. It is to be brought out in the coming season by the Century Company. Another book in preparation by this house is De Legros's biography of the venerable French naturalist, Henri Fabre.

An American Love Story.

Eugene M. Rhodes's entertaining story, "The Little Eohippus," which was published serially in "The Saturday Evening Post," is coming in book form this autumn from the press of Henry Holt & Co. It is a lively romance of love and suspected crime.

Hardy, Doctor of Letters.

When Cambridge University gave Mr. John Singer Sargent, American painter, his degree as Doctor of Law it also made Mr. Thomas Hardy a Doctor of Letters. The Public Orator said—in